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PERFECT LIBERTY AND PERFECT OBEDIENCE.

PERFECT Liberty and Perfect Obedience are identical, — one and the same condition. Perfect liberty is freedom from all that ought not to restrain, — perfect obedience is subjection to all that ought to restrain; and, by just as much as we are bound to any thing evil, and are therefore imperfectly free, by just so much do we fail in subjecting ourselves to every thing good, and are therefore imperfectly obedient. The perfect man of the gospel is free from sin, and a servant of righteousness. He is not called free so long as he is at liberty to do wrong; and freedom to do right, an exemption from impediments fatal to excellence, is the only freedom about which Christianity is greatly concerned.

The truth is worth pondering at a time when the human heart is so much exercised with a desire for liberty; when this is the prevailing desire, — a desire not second perhaps even to the thirst for gain, or the spirit of worldly enterprise. It is truth always worth pondering; for we are always more or less visited by longings after liberty; we are always more or less impatient of restraint, even of restraint which is wholly a blessing. Our daily necessities, the pressing exigencies of every human life, demand a true doctrine of freedom. The desire for freedom must be more than a vague restlessness or a wicked impatience. It must be instructed, purified, elevated, converted from a worldly into a Christian affection, exalted into a holy enthusiasm, the

craving of all that is good in our mingled nature for entire emancipation, the liberty of the mature sons of God, the just made perfect, the redeemed that abide within the inner circles of heaven, and encompass the throne for ever.

Vague enough and foolish enough sometimes is our desire for freedom; to be and do, as we say, what we like; to consult our own tastes, to be our own men, to choose our own society, to make our own laws, to hold fast by our own opinions, to do that which we find most easy and most agreeable and most natural, to act out ourselves. Indeed, we are apt to be so vague and so foolish in this thing, that, regardless of the inspiring and hallowed associations connected with the name of liberty, we should be almost prepared to part with it entirely for the higher word obedience; and yet we must not do this, so long as the sacred word obedience is misused for the support of spiritual, intellectual, or political tyranny, so long as usurpers dare to misemploy it, so long as there are struggling heroes and martyrs to be encouraged and disheartened. But we may well, for true freedom's sake, strive to understand her aright; for, indeed, the abuses and perversions of the truth are the only availing weapons which error can employ against her.

Now, to this end, we must notice first, in words of entire, unqualified dissent, the language so frequently heard, which means, if it means any thing, that law of any kind is an evil; a necessity, perhaps, but still an evil; as if will, mere will, were the rightful God of the universe, and law only something in the way, a hindrance, a drawback, a positive loss; as if wilfulness were identical with blessedness. A lawless, aimless, unregulated will, — this is the highest good; this is free; this is imaged, it is said, by the wandering wind, the restless wave, the roving comet, the pilgrim bird. A moment's reflection ought to convince one that all this is very absurd. Try, if you can, to think of a will without a law; of life, without a purpose; an object, an end, of motion, without a hand to guide it, and a goal to be reached. And what is meant by the lawless wind and wave? Winds and waves, all that lives, from the infinite God to his humblest creation, owns a law. The wind blows in obedience to law; the wave beats against the earth in obedience to law; and the path of the comet is none the less settled because it reaches beyond the field that bounds our gaze. There is not the slightest ground for a con-

trast between liberty and law. "They err," wrote the judicious Hooker, — "they err who think that of the will of God to do this or that, there is no reason besides his will. He doeth all things, saith Paul, by the counsel of his will; and whatsoever is done with counsel or wise resolution hath, of necessity, some reason why it should be done; and it is said of wisdom, 'The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his way; even before his works of old, I was set up.'" The more completely mere will, mere activity, is under the influence of reason and right and truth and love and beauty, the more perfect is the nature. Law we always must heed; the law of death or the law of life, the law of the flesh or the law of the spirit.

And now we are prepared to pass judgment upon certain lives, which, though often accounted free, especially by young and unskilful persons, are, indeed, quite the contrary. There is the freedom of the *free liver*; his life who disregards, as much as may be, the restraints of temperance, the sanctities of the hearth and of society, indulging himself in reckless contempt of rule and measure. He cannot bear to be bound. He must be his own master, though he should be a cruel one. He must be at liberty to indulge his animal propensities. He makes no professions of virtue, because they would endanger his liberty: they are too confined for a nature so impetuous and imperious, — only twigs of osier for such a Samson. But is this freedom? With all its loud, boisterous words, is it freedom? The pretence will not bear a moment's scrutiny. It is servitude, and that of the basest sort. The soul has been betrayed to a few paltry passions. To these, manhood and freedom have been sacrificed. The passions are loose, not the man. They, not he, wander wild and ungoverned; and the greater, the more gifted the soul, the more contemptible the bondage: the degradation of the moral nature is manifestly proportioned to the superior qualities of the mere intellect. The poor slave yields to an appetite; but he is above obedience to God and conscience. And may it not be worth while for many persons to ask, whether much of what we sigh for as freedom, in the common course of life, — freedom from its routines, and what are called its drudgeries, — freedom from the occupations by which we discharge our duties to society, and gain our daily bread; whether what we long for, as we walk about in the dust and mire and heat, is a true freedom, — an enlargement,

a liberty for any thing, save sluggish minds and bodies, or dainty natures that shrink from rough contact, and dread lest soil come upon them; or for a few tastes innocent enough, yet not entitled to the whole of life, or capable of educating a soul for God's presence? Is it not indolence that would be free to be idle; luxury that would be free to be luxurious; selfish curiosity, that would learn every thing and impart nothing? Is it not cowardice that would shun evil rather than fight with it? Is it not indifference that would care for itself in some quiet corner, and leave the great problem of life upon which millions of sorrowful men toil to settle itself? One may wish often enough, amidst life's perplexities, to be free from it all: the wish is natural; but nature in this case, as in many other cases, is at fault, and needs to be taught of God.

And then there is the freedom of the *freethinker*, who sets such a high value upon his exemption from current beliefs, the faith that prevails in the world, — what is his freedom, very often, but servitude to a narrow and shallow and belittling scepticism, to a common sense from which the highest experiences of earth's best and greatest souls have been carefully eliminated, to a poor, contracted, merely individual way of thinking and feeling; to a head which the heart has never warmed; to a mind that has never wandered through eternity, or pondered anxiously upon the mysteries of life; to a spirit satisfied with this world, content to be ignorant of spiritual things, — a spirit which has never longed that what faith teaches may approve itself for truth? Not that free thought is not good. Thought must and will be free. But there is a slavery to doubt as well as to creeds; there is a bigotry of liberality as well as of illiberality; and unbelievers are frequently of all persons the most uncharitable. The freedom to doubt every thing is but a sad heritage. We are sometimes exhorted to take up the Bible as we would take up any other book, and subject its contents to a cold, impartial criticism. But can we do so? Can we refrain from taking sides at once with its spiritual heroes, with men who at once commend themselves to us as God's own prophets, martyrs, and saints? Not for all the philosophy in the world would we part with those messages to the heart, which the spirit only can discern. We would be so free from theory and material philosophy, that we could not be separated from those high lessons of eternal wisdom. We would receive the kingdom of God as a

little child, free from the conceit of opinion; sure of this at least, that there are heights which no human vision can reach, and depths which no plummet of earth can sound. The freethinker, who is not free to believe in a God, and a Saviour, and immortality, is a slave indeed.

These and numberless instances, which need not be specified, show but too clearly our need of some comprehensive principle, which shall be our guide to a right estimate of liberty, and a wise effort after its attainment. And the principle which we would suggest is this:—

Freedom is valuable, beautiful, holy, just in proportion as it prepares the way for obedience, the obedience of faith, of trust in God's truth and law, the obedience of the gospel. When freedom proposes this end to man, her cause may rightfully be assigned to the highest plans in the human soul; it becomes spiritual, moral, religious, Christian,—a cause to be presented to the worshipping congregation, to be brought before the heavenly Father in the faithful prayer of the believer. Let every desire for freedom be put to the test of this principle, "whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you rather than unto God:" so always must the case be stated, there must the issue be joined. Every noble struggle for freedom not only accepts, but joyfully invites, this test. Why is it, for example, that the struggle and the plea for social and political rights are carried on in such a spirit of holy enthusiasm? Simply because servitude to man is always a most formidable, and often an insurmountable, obstacle to obedience to God. It is degrading and demoralizing; it shuts men out from the light, whose revelations it fears; it neglects the moral sense, whose first act would be a sentence against the oppressor; it is fatal to culture and refinement, and, by favoring the animal nature of man, separates him from God, who is a spirit, and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth. Place this end obedience distinctly before the mind and heart, and what might otherwise have been a mere party strife becomes a great moral enterprise.

It is a matter of comparatively small moment to bring a slave to the ballot-box, and so make a man of him, though this is very well as far as it goes; but our sympathies are enlisted, our blood is warmed and stirred, when we see men to whom the word of God cannot be given,—men who must be animal, unrefined, undeveloped, immoral, at best only superstitious, because it is not

safe for them to be instructed. Let there be a nation of sceptics and pleasure-seekers, and it matters little whether they choose their president or obey their emperor: they are slaves in either case. But let there be men struggling for a spot of God's earth to do his working, struggling to be free for *this*, though in the wildest wilderness, and the spirits of freedom and of obedience join their voices, and cry God speed! God bless the righteous cause!

Just so in our personal relations, if the first and greatest object is to become more obedient, better servants of righteousness, our struggle to be free gradually assumes a really noble form, shapes itself into a contest with passion and untoward circumstances, — a struggle with the world, an effort to throw off every yoke and the easily besetting sin. It is sin, not law against sin, that will press upon, confine, and keep us down. The bondage of death is this, — that, when we would do good, evil is present with us: only this bondage has power to make us truly wretched. The worst constraint may be that which we least feel, simply because we love the chain. And it is a great step in spiritual and moral progress, when we become impatient of all passions and habits, of all artificial wants, of that position in society, of influences of every kind, which make obedience so imperfect. This is a noble restlessness, indeed, — not to be impatient of care and poverty and sorrow, not to be impatient of obscurity and neglect, not to be weary of labor and responsibility; but to be impatient of evil. The child, that has been enticed into danger by other children, must be set free from dangerous companions, that he may be safe in obedience; so man must be set free from men to obey God. The planet, which has been torn from its orbit by some disturbing force, must be set free from this disturbing influence, that it may circle again about its sun, and bathe in life-sustaining light. So the power of passion, which draws man from his true centre, must be broken. The eye that is capable of appreciating the beautiful *must* be charmed by beautiful objects; and it is a noble obedience, a sweet constraint; and freedom from such an influence would be wholly a misfortune. The nice ear is bound to melody just in proportion to its nicety. The perfect Being can in no wise be hindered from loving the truth, the truth which is with him, which is himself for ever. Christ, too, must do the will of Him that sent him: no conceivable restraint can

prevent this. And men, too, beginning at their low grade, with all their infirmities clinging to them, by steadily abiding with the truth, shall know at length its charm, and be free indeed; free as he is free, who calls no man upon earth the master of his soul. May God so open the eyes of our understanding, that we shall clearly see the great law of truth and love, to which it is good to be in subjection, by which it is beautiful and honorable to be firmly bound. Then we shall not desire enlargement, that we may be more largely and successfully selfish, that we may have a wider field to serve ourselves in; we shall crave that liberty of the sons of God which is akin to His perfect freedom and perfect righteousness.

R. E.

TALENT AND ITS TREATMENT.

PASCAL affirms, that any talent that rises much above the common level is as often the object of the sneers of the many, as a marked *deficiency* in intellect. Nothing above mediocrity passes unquestioned everywhere: he does it at his peril who presumes to go beyond the average of wit and culture that prevails in the society in which he lives. He will be pointed at as a pedant, perchance even as a fool. The plurality fix the limit; and it is the plurality who will maliciously bite him who openly makes it his object to excel.

Perhaps, in this diluted rendering of Pascal's idea, I am doing no credit to the fine discernment and keen point of the satirist. But, even in the terse original, I find in it more of bitterness than truth. I know not how it may have been, how it may be now, in lands where society is assorted by certain fixed laws, with little regard to merit or mental superiority. In our free and universally educated communities, it seems to me that talent is the object of public idolatry and private enthusiasm. Wealth has been sarcastically said to hold that position in the affections of our people; but I believe it is chiefly admired as the sign or measure of the success of business-talent. A rich man must be a "smart" man also, to hold a large place in the public estimation. It is by no means necessary that talent should take a sordid vent to

secure an elevated position. A man's mind is never measured by the length of his purse; and indifference to mercenary considerations is so often a concomitant of genius, that it is generally regarded as its characteristic. How small must that mind be, which, as in Pascal's view, refuses to superior intellect and vigor of mind its meed of praise, from a feeling of jealous insignificance! Compared with the crowding admirers of even a little great man, the envious are few; probably some clashing of interests or competition of claims must exist somewhere, and embitter some hearts. Malice is a busy demon, and, unscrupulous in the use of the weapons always ready at hand in the party prejudices and the easy faith of the mass, can make itself widely felt after the tide of popularity begins to turn, as it must. Then it might seem to one who found himself assailed from various quarters, that the fickle favor of the multitude was of little value, since it could thus suddenly desert him. But let him wait a while, and he finds that he passes for what he is worth, in spite of detraction; and his value is the better known for the ordeal he has passed through. Each man finds his level; and envy cannot pull him down, unless he gives it a fair hold by some grave fault or ridiculous weakness.

Everybody is delighted with successful talent; and even roguery receives some share of reluctant admiration. In the best minds perhaps, the homage given to intellect is too apt to be independent of moral considerations, or too ready to take every thing for granted. Mortals are stone-blind when dazzled. Men are quite willing to make themselves fools, to elevate him whom they delight to honor. The many bow, and ask no question; those who do, are indignantly thrust aside. It is well if man-worship be not as *heathen* as idol-worship; for it is as blind. Very slowly is the world learning its lesson, that neither physical nor intellectual power is the true object for its homage; but very sincere, so far as it goes, is its homage to the higher qualities of human nature, and pervasive like leaven. Every demagogue must pay his homage also, or he would be behind his age. A man of talent may lead where he will, do what he will: the moral and affectionate qualities of his admirers are those which make them most capable of enthusiasm. They shut their eyes, and follow, trusting in him that all is right. A Lopez or a Carvajal must stealthily seek what a Kossuth may openly urge amid huzzas and tearful acclamations. Even peace-men grow bloody-minded, and think there are too few bayonets in

Europe, though the age is come in which the nations suicidally point them at their own bosoms, and make war upon their own liberties. That such a state of things may not last, they are ready for a crusade; where religion and the principles of justice and equality, which rest upon it, are so much wanted, they would carry them at the point of the bayonet, and compel the haughty lion to lie down with the lamb, albeit the bear may growl in the distance. Do they not remember that "he that taketh the sword shall perish by the sword," and how dismally the prophecy has been fulfilled, in more senses than the direct one, in the past bloody ages? Who can wonder at the fate of Italy and Hungary, who put their trust in those weapons wherein they were weak, instead of those which the gates of hell cannot prevail against, and which even despots fear? The still small voice which they tremble at is not heard among the passions and din excited by war; and war strengthens absolutism, because its own spirit is pure-absolutism. Who can wonder at the impatient resort to force on the part of the cruelly oppressed, when the generous feelings of sympathy in our happy land, excited by the eloquence of a powerful orator, cannot see any hope but in cannon and muskets? Even ministers of the Prince of Peace, listening to his stirring appeals, feel like the war-horse at the sound of the trumpet.

But to return to the idea suggested by the motto.

The unpopularity that occasionally attends a man who feels he has some reason for vanity on the score of talent, may be accounted for, I suppose, by that very self-consciousness. Does he wear his honors modestly when he wins them? Does he esteem properly talents of a different cast from his own, and delight in an excellence or a fame in which he can never share? Does he not use a peculiarly fine discrimination in pointing out blemishes, rather than beauties, and so never heartily admire or approve any thing at all? Does he not sneer at poetic exuberances of fancy, writing himself a severely simple style? Is he not grave as an owl, should any one seek to amuse others by quaint humor in his presence, he being no successful humorist himself? Having a phlegmatic turn of mind, is he not sure to proclaim all the romantic coloring which the affections give to life, fine-spun sentimentality or love-sick folly? Does he deem it a token of superior intelligence to have lost the pure reverence of his boyhood for what is above him, and to shock that which wiser and purer

minds are anxious to preserve uninjured? Does he, with all his wealth of knowledge and his various talents, ever impart to those who are seeking knowledge or skill, unless he is to gain something by it?

C. W. L.

WORDS, A POWER AND A TRUST.

"There is not a word in my tongue, but thou, O Lord! knowest it altogether."

BEFORE the mind had shaped its thought,
 Before the thought became a word,
 Thou, God! the first faint breathing marked,
 That deep the spirit-fountain stirred.

And when the lip had sent it forth,
 Winged messenger of good or ill,
 That ne'er could change or be recalled,
 Father! thou didst behold it still.

What ear first caught that living sound?
 What heart first felt its spirit-thrall?
 What low or lofty impulse waked
 In answer to its mystic call?

What earnest musings took their shape,
 What daring purpose rushed to deed,
 What yearning stilled,—when came the word,
 The one small word that met their need?

And, gathering strength as on it goes
 From life to life, from soul to soul,
 What mighty influence at last,
 From that faint sound, shall onward roll?

Lord! only thou canst ever know;
 And in the souls that give them birth,
 And o'er the words to ends that grow,
 Rule thou those ends in heaven and earth.

A. D. S. W.

THE MINISTER.

AN old, gray-haired man sat in his well-furnished study, surrounded by the books in which he most delighted. A cheerful fire burned in the grate; and the flame, singing merrily, danced up and down, as if it tried to go up the chimney, and persuade the cold wind to come down and warm itself, but was neither tall nor strong enough. The sweet tone of the piano, on which his eldest daughter was playing, and the merry voices of his children, dancing to the tune, struck upon his ear pleasantly, without disturbing him; and with a cheerful brow he went briskly on with his writing, that he might the sooner join them.

Although the shutters were fast closed, and the curtains drawn down over them, he knew that, out of doors, wind and rain spared none from their attacks, who, by necessity, were exposed to them. This knowledge produced a feeling of gratitude for his own better lot; and, as his pen moved fast and faster, thoughts, flowing from a source where such feelings dwell, were shaped by them; and, though not distinctly expressed, there will be a lesson of thankfulness taught on the next Sunday, by which many will profit.

But another lesson awaits thee, my friend, which God judges the most needful. Hark! even now it comes, for some one knocks.

"Come in," said the gentleman in as calm and pleasant a voice, as if glad of the interruption; and his servant enters.

"There is a poor woman down stairs, sir, who asks to see you. I told her you were busy; but she said so much about it, that I could not help coming to tell you."

"You did perfectly right, Thomas. It must be important business which sends a woman out on such a night: tell her to come here."

As the expectation of his evening's enjoyment faded away, a slight shade of disappointment passed over his face; but, as the woman, drenched by the rain and shivering with cold, appeared at the door, all thought of himself vanished in pity for her wretchedness. Wretched she was indeed, hardly sufficiently clothed for a warm summer's evening, wasted and thin with hunger and care.

"O sir!" she cried, springing forward, "will you come with me? My child is dying, and cannot die easy without a prayer; for Jesus' sake, who never would have refused, do come; quick, for every moment takes so much comfort from my darling."

"Sit down by the fire and warm yourself, and I will be ready in a few minutes," said the clergyman, kindly.

The woman mechanically obeyed; but her thoughts were evidently with her sick child; for, instead of seeking comfort for herself, she watched with impatience every movement of the minister. He laid aside his papers, and then went into the adjoining room. As he opened the door, the joyful throng rushed towards him, each eager to claim him for a partner in their game.

"I cannot play with you this evening, my children," he said; and, as they expressed their disappointment, he added, "There is a poor woman in my study, who has walked a long distance this stormy night to ask me to visit her dying child. Would you wish me to refuse?"

The feeling which moved their father communicated itself to all in the room; and not even the youngest offered any further opposition, nor showed in its face how great was the disappointment.

"Have you nothing warmer to wear, my good woman?" said he, returning to his study, and throwing over his shoulders a warm but shabby cloak.

"This is all I have in the world. A kind lady gave me a warm gown and shawl; but I had to sell it for medicines for my child."

He said nothing, but went out of the room, and soon brought back a large shawl, which he handed to her; and they left the house.

Long and weary was the walk, and so dark that the good man knew not the way. Corner after corner they turned, splashing through mud and snow; and, warmly as he was defended, every blast made him shiver.

At last they stopped before an old, dilapidated house; lights struggled through the windows of the lower room into the thick darkness; and the harsh sounds of a broken fiddle, mingled with shouts and laughter, were distinctly heard. In such a place was a soul taking its last farewell of earth: no wonder it struggled to exchange such scenes for the peace of heaven.

In the upper story of this hovel lay the girl. Unsullied she had lived in all this blackness; and now, calmly, and almost uncon-

scious of the misery around her, she waited for the messenger : it was sufficient proof of the power of God.

The minister wished for no better reward for all his trouble than the privilege of passing with her those few last hours, and speed the spirit on its way.

Imagination now is better than description ; the hour was sacred to the inmates of that room, as much to him who held the office of comforter, as to those to whom he ministered ; and on the prayer offered at that bedside rose a spirit, breathed out as quietly, as, in some sunny nook, we see the pure snow silently disappearing day by day, so imperceptibly that we hardly notice it at all, till it is gone, and nothing but the bare earth remains.

But the minister's mission was not fulfilled when the lifeless body lay beside him ; for the living still claimed consolation, and it was morning before he could say, " I have done what I could."

How refreshing it seemed to be once more in the fresh air ! His soul was weary and sad, and the quiet stillness of every thing suited him well. The wind and the storm had passed away ; and the sun, just rising, seemed to welcome him as he appeared, while the frozen ground sparkled and crackled under his feet.

Amid all this, his thoughts were : " It is good for me to have been there. I thank the Father, that out of a disappointment he has brought me so much pleasure. So all sorrows must come ; and, when mine strike me, may the remembrance of this night be present, a comforter, an instructor !" C.

As surely and naturally as the first dusk and gloom of the evening tends to, and at last ends in, the thickest darkness of midnight ; so every delusion, sinfully cherished and persisted in, — how easily soever it may sit upon the conscience for some time, — will in the issue lodge the sinner in the deepest hell, and the blackest regions of damnation. — *South.*

IDENTITY OF MAN AFTER DEATH.

LUKE, xxiv. 36—39: "Jesus himself stood in the midst of them, and saith unto them,
It is I myself."

MY BRETHREN, — It is said that Jesus has destroyed death, and brought life and immortality to light. Is this great benefit, of which the gospel claims the glory, due only to it? Has the gospel alone given this great and holy lesson, and in what sense can it be said that the evidence of immortality is shown only in Christianity? This question interests the triumph of the true Christian, and incredulity has agreed with faith to recognize the importance of it. Incredulity admits not that the Christian religion, supposing it otherwise true, may be the best demonstration of the future life that man possesses; and faith, justly jealous of the power of conviction which belongs only to religion, happy in bringing to the prince of life all his expectation of a better life, is often constrained to deny that man may have in himself knowledge of his immortality.

How incredulity deceives itself in denying these proofs of our immortality that Christianity furnishes, you all know. I purposely avoid entering, after the first words of this discourse, into the depth of the discussion; and I shall confine myself to two considerations, which are proofs, not of reason, but of fact. Philosophy is possible, without the idea of immortality; and you know there are even entire systems, which, in the first word, destroy this hope and deny this truth, or which present it only as a doubt of the mind or a reverie of the heart. The Christian religion, on the contrary, is impossible without the idea of immortality: all its marvels, all its mysteries, its remembrances and its symbols, the manger, the cross, the tomb, and the last supper, — all are reduced to nothing, if our true existence is not hidden with Christ in heaven. A religion which has need thus far of the idea of immortality, supposes it, teaches it, maintains it; without it, would be only an immense and derisive contradiction. Thus, without supporting this remark, which would demand developments that I now pass over, let us consult experience and history. Who believed in immortality before the gospel? The learned

and the wise, and their most intimate disciples, and the happy ones of the age, the great ones of the world, who came to beg or to buy this secret? Since the gospel, since the appearance, on this world of grief and of sepulchres, of the religion which is addressed to the poor in spirit and the pure in heart, immortality has become a general truth and a common hope. The most humble Christian knows more than formerly the proud professor under the porticoes of his school. Now, all the dying comprehend death, and have a glimpse of immortality; and what philosophy never could do, Christianity has done: it has made popular the idea of immortality. Incredulity cannot take from our holy religion this glory. The proof that Jesus has brought to light life and immortality is, that, since Jesus, all men, whatever may be their minds, can see it: my brethren, this proof is sufficient.

But, in return, these reflections even show you how little piety gains by denying that reason, by its own strength, is sometimes able to demonstrate a future life. It is a common error to imagine, that, in overthrowing reason, one raises up faith. No, my brethren, faith is at such a height, is so near heaven and God, that the most brilliant lights of this world cannot cause its splendor to grow dim: *smoking candles* that the Lord has designed not to extinguish, what are their pale lights in comparison with the *sun of justice*?

Man carries in himself, in the depths of his being, an instinct of immortality, — a presentiment of existence that neither the state of barbarism nor the excess of worldliness can completely stifle in his breast. In the darkest night of ignorance, he sees at intervals some light escape from this torch. In the delights of the most intoxicating sensuality, he yet feels the incentive of this need awaken him in the depths of his satiety. The noble faculties of his soul; the sweet affections of his sensibility; the limits even of his reason, — impatient captive, which suffers under its chains, and strives to break them; the most elevated ideas of his mind, those of justice and truth, of beauty, infinity, and especially of God, — all reveal to him confusedly the grandeur of his future destinies: and it is at this point, in order to inquire farther, that Moses and Sinai have not sufficed, — that there is need of Jesus and Calvary.

Let us, then, leave, my brethren, in the discovery of immortality, to reason all her part, without fearing to make that of faith

too small. It would be dishonoring Christianity to fear to compare her divine lessons with the hopes that instinct nourishes, or the proofs that intelligence suggests. Between reason and faith, on the subject of the future life, the difference is less in the strength of the demonstrations than in the clearness of the teachings. In other language, whatever man has endeavored to foresee or to conceive of his immortality, has always left him in uncertainty: it is this desolating uncertainty that the gospel dissipates. After having said "there is another life," man succeeded not in saying what he would be in this new life. It seems that, exhausting all his strength in resolving the first question, there remained none with which to answer the second. He truly persuaded himself of his immortality; he doubted not that this immortality would be for him; he demanded in vain to what point his being ought to be changed, to be renewed, to be modified in his tomb, by death and before immortality. It seemed impossible to him to rise from the sepulchre the same as he had descended there: his terrestrial life, his death more terrestrial yet, if we may speak thus, concealed from him his celestial life; and, as in the swaddling-clothes of his cradle he had not conceived his mature life, so, a mortal, he conceived not his maturity of immortality. Jesus has come, and he has explained immortality in explaining death; he has shown that death changes, destroys, effaces nothing in man; he has placed the fact before our eyes; and, after three days of a real death and a closed tomb, he has re-appeared the same after his resurrection as he was before his death; and he has been able to say to his apostles, "It is I myself!"

The same as man dies, the same he lives again; in other words, our identity finds itself in the future life, and remains indestructible, more powerful than that death which seems to destroy it. Behold, my brethren, the great truth upon which I wish you to meditate to-day. I shall commence by recalling to you the facts which justified these words of the Saviour to his apostles, "It is myself!" and I shall afterwards establish your right to apply them to yourselves.

I. Mankind knew, for forty centuries and more, that a Saviour would come; but never could the human mind imagine the gospel. If, before the coming of the Son of God into this world, one had demanded of the most sublime genius, or of the most enlightened and pure faith, — "What will the Saviour do in this

world, and how will he accomplish salvation?" my brethren, genius perhaps would have dreamed out one of those brilliant careers of triumph and of glory that it loves to describe; faith perhaps would have attempted to represent an ideal of perfection and of holiness superior to the virtue of Abraham and Moses. And, do not doubt it, genius would have done better to have kept a prudent silence; faith to have prostrated herself in waiting; for the inventions of genius and the foresight of faith could never have divined the gospel. The scenes of Bethlehem and of Tabor, of Gethsemane and of Calvary, are such that all other places of this earth have offered nothing which may support comparison, and which could aid in making them foreseen. The human mind had no precedence to consult.

And, if there is one part of the ministry of the Lord to which these remarks apply with more force than to the rest, these are the days which have followed his resurrection, the last forty days of his stay upon the earth. Suppose for one moment that you knew nothing of these last events of his mission; that you have stopped in reading the Gospel at the tomb of Jesus; that you are ignorant of the morrow after the death; ask yourself, then, this question, What will the risen Lord do? An immense field of conjecture, strange, mysterious, solemn, opens before you. Jesus has risen! What will he do after his resurrection? how will he employ his renewed life? what ineffable and unexpected manifestation of his glory will he make? with whom will he now deign to associate? Placed upon the threshold of the opened sepulchre and of the heaven where he ascended, what language of the sepulchre or of heaven will he speak to his enemies or to his friends? and by what new means of communication will he consent to renew his relations to feeble mortals, — to whom he can address himself only through the glory of his resurrection? In one word, where will Jesus go, raised from the depth of the sepulchre? and what new theatre for his glory will he choose, since the tomb is so no longer? Will he go to Jerusalem, before the porticoes of the temple, where Judas had sold him; before the judicial seat, where Pilate had delivered him up, to shake down upon all these guilty heads, as a sign of condemnation, what he has brought back of the dust of the sepulchre? Will he go to Calvary, to overthrow the last remnants of his cross, and thus to give a tranquil and magnificent contradiction to these sacrilegious defiances,

"If thou art the Christ, save thyself?" Will he go to Tabor, to resume there for ever, as for one moment before his three most beloved apostles, the glory of his divine splendor, and cause to break forth with more joy than ever from the depths of their moved hearts this cry of enthusiasm, "Master, it is good for us to be here"? Oh, vanity of reason! Oh, weakness of faith! Nothing, during the interval between the resurrection and the ascension, — nothing took place that mortal man could foresee or demand. The resurrection of Jesus changes nothing of the simplicity of the gospel, and introduces there no complication. The word of the enigma, the key of the mystery, is entirely in these words of Christ to his apostles, "It is I myself!"

Instead of investing himself, in his life renewed from the tomb, with a splendor more difficult to wear, with a dignity more troublesome to attain; instead of showing himself different from what he had been; instead of assuming grandeur and glory, the risen Jesus resumed his ordinary life; he lived again as if he had not ceased for a time to live; he shows himself under the same aspect as before his cross and his death; he is in the eyes of every one, in all his acts, all his discourses, all his conversations, the same as he was before. Seek for the least difference: my brethren, you will not find it.

His relations are the same. All his friends, all his disciples, and shall I say it, if the word has enough gravity? all his familiars, those who were so before his crucifixion, are so still. There are the apostles, these humble publicans and humble fishermen of Galilee, timid sheep who have fled when the shepherd has been struck, and of whom the one most eager to swear fidelity has followed him afar only to deny him thrice, and who all now, after so many marvels, and notwithstanding so many oracles, have difficulty in believing the simple marvel of his resurrection; there are these disciples, whom he sent two by two to sow the first seeds of his word, the first offers of his salvation, sick ones whom he has delivered, infirm ones whom he has healed, the poor in spirit whose understandings he has opened, the simple of heart whose confidence he has confirmed, tender mothers whose children he has blessed, and these true Israelites in whom he discovered no guile, and whose sincere integrity was worthy of appreciating in advance the new and holy era which dated from his tomb; there are these holy women, who were devoted to him with so much love, to

whom he had pardoned much, because they had loved much, and who had wept for him with a respectful sadness.

Think not, my brethren, that I increase too much the circle of the last friends of Jesus, of the last witnesses of his presence here below. St. Paul declares to us, that he has shown himself also to *above five hundred brethren at once*, notwithstanding the doubts which, according to St. Matthew, troubled then some minds, and veiled in some respects these last manifestations of his love, these last rays of his terrestrial splendor.

Behold, then, the friends whom, in his highest days, he admitted to his side; behold the auditors of his last discourses in this world, the objects of his last benedictions, the followers of his triumphal car, which took the sting from death and finished its triumph; behold, as a fulfilment of a humble and sweet pleasure, as a contrast to so much majesty, to so much grandeur, — behold the guests at his last repast, the companions of his last walks upon the dust of this earth! The angels and the saints in the glory of heaven await him, yet to surround him with their songs of adoration and of praise; poor fishermen and feeble mortals like us are admitted to press around him; and, losing none of those whom the Father has given him, loving even to the end those whom he had loved since his manifestation in Israel, he has truly had the right of saying after his resurrection, "It is myself!"

As in his relations, he is the same in his habits. He has resumed with a touching gentleness his customary life; he has resumed with all those whom he loves, and by whom he is loved, his conversations so mild, so simple, so engaging, which cause our young children to listen to them when they are read to them, and which abound in sublime traits of light, in astonishing sayings, of which each word goes to the foundation of the gravest questions, and gives the only possible solution of them before that of eternity and of heaven; he has resumed his travels towards Galilee, his paths in the midst of the marvels of nature and of the picturesque sites of these countries, upon the shore of the same waters and upon the declivity of the same hills as formerly. As formerly, he walks with his apostles and his disciples, rejoins them and surprises them in the midst of their conversations, and draws from their words, often imprudent, the subject of the lessons of his divine wisdom: as formerly, he wins their attention to the things of heaven by the aid of the humblest things of earth;

and a fish, taken in their last fishing, is sufficient for him to bring them to reflect, and to recognize him : as formerly, he visits their houses, claims their hospitality, seats himself at their table, takes part in their repast, breaks the bread before them ; and even a feast for fishermen, waiting, on the sand of the sea-shore, the return of the boats, shall have nothing which may be unworthy of his glory. My brethren, what change has there been in this Jesus, and what hold has death had over him ? Is he not the same Jesus who went about doing good, and preaching the gospel to the poor ? is he not the same Jesus who has lived the ordinary life of an Israelite of that epoch ? is he not the same Jesus whom you knew as the master of one Simon, son of Jonas ; the friend of one John, son of Zebedee ; the comforter of Martha and of Mary ; the guest of Simon, of Zaccheus, of Lazarus ; and, later, the tried of Caiaphas, and the condemned of Pilate ? Yes ; this risen Jesus was right to announce himself to his apostles by saying to them, "It is myself !"

It is the same in his divine powers : death has changed nothing of the humble holiness or of the touching affections which he has displayed from his manger to his cross ; he lives as he has lived ; he loves as he has loved. Be not, then, astonished that he reigns as he has reigned, and that death, which has left every thing to him, has left to him his empire, so that he recognizes himself, at the same time, Son of man, for all which is sweet humility, and Son of God, for all which is celestial glory. His wisdom is the same : he has resumed, in renewing life, this infallible regard which penetrates to the depth of the heart, sees the naked conscience ; and thus he read, in the soul of Thomas, his doubts and his desire of conviction, — in the soul of Peter, his repentance and his desire of retrieving himself. The secrets of the future are known to him as the secrets of thought ; and he sees from afar the bonds and the martyrdoms, the old age and the deaths, reserved for his disciples.

His power is the same : he always commands nature ; even as death, it recognizes its Master. The depths of the lakes of Palestine have not forgotten to obey him ; and, when the time shall come, it will be as easy for him to ascend to heaven through the waves of light, as it has been for him to rise from the tomb, and to free himself from the darkness of it. His goodness is the same ; and I wish only to give here, as a proof of it, his conde-

scension in prolonging his sojourn in this world, which had despised, rejected, condemned, crucified him. What has he wished, by continuing for a time his earthly life with us; by pursuing his ministry near so much ingratitude, so much rebellion, so much hatred? What has he wished, if it is not to complete his salvation, to certify his resurrection and our immortality, to prepare his church and to arrange all things so that his cross might not triumph over his tomb, that the efficacy of his sacrifice might not be lost from sight in the midst of the horrors of his death, and that man might not turn into dissolution the immense benefits of his grace? Christians! the absolute want of power of death over all which is moral, intellectual, sensible, religious, divine, is it not entirely displayed before you, and entirely expressed and defined in these words of Jesus to his apostles, "It is I myself"?

Behold the great features of the picture! Do you wish to penetrate farther into the details, and to follow the risen Christ in the particular circumstances of his new life? There is not one which shows us the least change in him. For instance, this walk to Emmaus, where he shows himself so well as the good shepherd, who pursues and brings back to the fold the wandering sheep, his solemn reproaches against the want of faith of the two disciples, his solemn declarations upon the necessity of his sufferings and his death, are the faithful echo of so many warnings given to the mistrust, in his contemporaries, of so many oracles of his grievous end, of which the design had been to prepare the minds for his sacrifice. When he feigned to go beyond the village of Emmaus to prove the affection of the two friends, what similitude between this touching trait and so many ingenious and simple proofs, that he has suffered for his disciples and the unfortunate ones who demanded prodigies from him; and when, in breaking the bread with Cleophas and his companion, he makes himself to be recognized by the traces of the nails of the cross, and disappeared soon, is it not this wisdom that he has always displayed, in giving to man all the means of belief, and in leaving him free with the testimony of his faith? Hear him confound the incredulity of Thomas, by coming before his doubts, by offering to him the means to disperse them, by pressing him not to resist the manifestation of the truth. Is it not the same spirit in which he speaks to all unbelievers, except to the unbelieving hypocrites? Hear him confirm

the repentance of Peter. Here, my brethren, is offered a parallel so touching, that it is impossible not to recognize in the two pictures the same divine love. The scene of the restoration of the son of Jonas to the apostleship is the faithful repetition of that of his vocation as apostle; the place is the same, this Lake of Genesareth, where Christ has so often sailed; the same miracle is worked by his voice; and, in the question three times repeated, as expiation of the triple denial, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" you find again this Saviour, who had so often proclaimed that love is the condition and the fruit of pardon. But why quote any longer all these last pages of the Gospel in support of this truth, that Christ has triumphed over death, and has lost nothing in the conflict? It would have been sufficient proof to you, viz., the first conversation that he held after leaving the tomb, his first appearance to a human being in the morning of the day of his resurrection. It is Mary Magdalene whom he has chosen for the first witness of his return to life; and, in the garden of Calvary, at the door even of this sepulchre that she believed violated, Christ has said to her, "Touch me not; seek not to retain me; for I am not yet ascended to my Father, who is your Father, and to my God, who is your God." It is the risen Christ who speaks on the threshold of his tomb just opened, and he speaks to a feeble woman, who loves and who weeps according to this so well-known affliction and tenderness which death excites; and, to recompense and to console her at the same time, the risen Christ declares to her, that death, the death even of the cross, and three days' darkness in the depth of the tomb, have so little destroyed all that his afflicted friends mourned in him, that his Father is always their Father, and that his God is always their God; that is to say, in a way the most sublime and the most simple, in taking God even for witness, that he came, for yet some days, to occupy his place in humanity, to take again his seat by our side, to place himself upon our level, to be a man, as before, and like us, notwithstanding death, and to justify, in the name of God, his words spoken to the apostles dismayed before his resurrection, "It is myself!"

II. From this study of the life of Christ in this world, after his death, results this great and legitimate consequence, that death is only a passage during which human nature changes not. Nothing of that which is fundamental, nothing of that which is

essential, nothing of that which is excellent in us, is destroyed: the body alone perishes or changes, and leaves us; the human being remains; these organs of dust, which are good only for this life, return to dust: the soul remains as it was. In one word, what we are, we shall be; and, if I dared to use a word which is opposed to the pulpit from which I address you, because it has a false philosophy, I will say to you, that our identity subsists beyond the tomb: we shall find ourselves entire. The example of our divine Master guarantees it to us: it is a proved fact for the support of our hope. A resurrection like his own awaits us; and, in going out from death, may we say like him to our friends who have gone before us, "It is myself!"

Is not this too much to promise to you? Is it not imprudent to render you ambitious for immortality? Who are we to pretend to a resurrection like that of Jesus, and to confound thus, in our rash foresight, the throne eternal and divine, where he is seated at the right hand of his Father, and the place he has prepared for us? No, my brethren, it is not only to reign with him, but to live again as he; and take care, that, in an excess of humility, you shake not, though without wishing it, the basis even of Christianity. Man has been created in the image of God; this image sin has effaced; and man can take it again only by clothing himself in the resemblance of Christ, who is the express image of the glory of the Father. Behold what an admirable series unites all these truths one to another, — creation to redemption, faith to holiness, you to Christ, and Christ to God. Do you believe, then, that this sacred tie embraces only this life, and does not include death? No; this merciful similitude is too profound for the sting of sin to reach or efface; I see in the gospel that the resemblance of the Saviour and of his faithful followers is prolonged across all the phases of their existence; it extends to life. St. Peter declares to us, that Christ "has left us an example that we may follow in his footsteps;" and St. John requires that "he who believes in Christ should live as Christ has lived." It extends to our final departure: St. Paul aspires "to be conformed to Christ in his death." It extends to our resurrection: St. Paul still declares to us, that, "as God has raised Christ, he will raise us also in like manner." And, in short, it extends even to the blessed life beyond the grave: it is said that Christ "will transform our vile bodies to render them like to his glorious

body;" and that, "when the Son shall appear, we shall become like unto him." You see that Peter, John, Paul, are my guarantees to you; I do not promise you too much for heaven. Christ has lived your life; and, by the efficacy of his salvation, you, you will die his death, you will have his resurrection, you will live again his celestial life; and, at the entrance to the heavenly mansions, you will say to those who have loved you, as Jesus said to those who loved him, "It is myself!"

There is without doubt a magnificent destiny, an immense grace, offered to us all, feeble creatures, beings of a day, whose life is a vapor, which rises one moment and falls; beings of a day, who, in this world, cannot dispose of the morrow, and who, through Jesus, can appropriate to ourselves eternity; there is an immense grace for us mortals, who, forsaken in our nursery, could not have taken from death one of its terrors, one of its uncertainties, and whom the dust of so many sepulchres has so often blinded; there is an immense grace for us sinners, who could not have known that we depart from God in place of drawing nigh to him, and that the command of becoming "perfect as God is perfect" would have made us despair, if any other than Jesus had given it; yes, there is an immense grace for all of us who have seen cherished beings glide to the tomb in the midst of our weak embraces to retain them, and who leap with unspeakable joy at the idea alone that they may one day say to us, "Behold, it is myself!"

Oh! my brethren, I see your emotion; you grant it; there is an immense grace; but it is not too great for the goodness of God; it is not too great for the love of Christ; and, ought I yet to astonish you, I should add that it is not too great for the nature even of man. Suppose that the resurrection of Christ may not be a guarantee for you, and that yours may differ from his; suppose that death may totally change your being, that your immortal life may not be a succession, a continuation, a prolonging of your present life; that all that constitutes you to-day, not only physically, but morally, may disappear in death, and that, in rising again, you recognize yourself no more;—then it is not you who live again; it is a different being whom God substitutes in your place, and then the whole Christian religion receives the most evident contradiction. There is no more faith; for it is from you that Jesus has demanded confidence, not for this side only,

but for the other side, of the tomb. There is no more hope; for of what consequence to you the salvation of a being different from yourself, and who will live only when you will be no more? There will be no more love; for it is said that love lasts for ever: to continue to love, it needs to continue to be moved as one has been moved. There is no more a judgment; for how, if all our former nature is destroyed, and if an entirely new nature is given to us, can you appear before Christ to be judged according to the good or the evil you may have done? And, if there is no judgment, there is no salvation; for from what can we be saved? Oh! my brethren, it is especially at the foot of the tribunal of the sovereign Judge, that we feel the necessity of being able to say to him, "It is myself;" and it is especially to take possession of salvation, that, prostrating himself at the throne of grace, the redeemed of Jesus learns that he should be able to cry, "Lord, it is myself; myself, with my doubts, my weaknesses, my sins; myself, with my repentances so often forgotten, and my amendments so often belied; but also myself, with the faith that all which thou wilt demand from thy celestial Father, even my eternal salvation, he will grant it thee." If death changes your being, and destroys your nature, I defy you to hold this language to your Redeemer on the threshold of eternity. You see it, then; this truth touches all Christian truths; and, in order that Christianity may be true, it needs that you may identify yourself, that you may recognize yourself in heaven; it needs—pardon the familiarity of these expressions out of the energy of my belief—it needs that you may be yourself in the other world as in this; it needs that your soul may be always your soul. Then, according to the promises, you will rest upon your labors, and your works will follow you; then, better still than David, you may say at the sepulchres of your dead, "They shall not return to me, but I shall go to them;" and all these hopes rest upon the certainty that "neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, can separate us from the love that God has shown to us through Jesus Christ." Man will then live again; and the first words of his eternal conversation will be those of the risen Saviour, "It is myself!"

But the future life, — you yet ask, will it then be only a simple repetition of this life? Revelation teaches us, that some great differences will be found between our terrestrial existence and the

immortality which awaits us. St. Paul teaches this doctrine with his accustomed energy, when he compares the body of the man in the grave to the grain of corn in the furrow, and assures us that "the body is sown corruptible, to be raised incorruptible; sown despised, to be raised clothed in glory; sown weak, to be raised full of strength; sown an animal body, to be raised a spiritual body." How do these perspectives of renovation and of change agree with the idea, that we shall find ourselves on the other side of our tombs? My brethren, the answer to these last doubts is very simple, and furnishes a full confirmation of the consoling and sublime doctrine that the text reveals to us. It is true, some great changes, so great that we have now only an imperfect idea of them, are reserved for us; let us give to these changes their true name, and all enlightens and explains itself: these changes are only progressions. Behold the man in the fulness of his bodily strength, and of the energy of the faculties of his soul; behold the man arrived to the full development of his conscience, of his sensibility, of his reason: he is king of this world; he reigns there by thought; "he has been created a little lower than the angels, and crowned with glory and honor;" and this man, before girding on this crown and exercising this sovereignty, has been a young child, whose conscience, whose reason slept, and with whom the most childish toy occupied the entire day. What have been all these changes which have caused him to pass from this cradle to this throne? Progress. It is an analogous progress which awaits you at death. The child has become a man, and he has remained the same being; and some day it will be said of you, the mortal has become immortal, the inhabitant of earth has become a citizen of heaven; and he has remained the same being, and he can say, "It is myself!" and I do not know whether this Moses sleeping in a little boat of rushes and exposed to the waves of the Nile, and this same Moses surrounded with splendor on the summit of Sinai and conversing there with the Eternal as with an intimate friend, has more or less difference than the man in his life from the man in his immortality. Such as you are now, your nature agrees not with the heavens; it needs that it should become better; it needs that it should change, but without affecting what constitutes your essence. Farther from forgetting yourselves, you will identify yourselves. In this life reasonable beings, you will be so

always; but your reason, increased and assured, will embrace a much more extended circle of truths, more sublime, and will be rejoiced to add to the imperfect and doubtful sciences of earth, the knowledge of eternity, without a point of delay and without a shadow of doubt. Conscientious beings, you will be so always; but your conscience, refined and sanctified, will never hesitate between two duties or two progressions, and will advance towards the good by a continuation of flights, which will be without fatigue and without relaxation. Religious beings, you will be so always; but your worship will have no more the desolating distractions which intercept before your spirit the idea of God, and the sentiment of the presence of your heavenly Father will press upon you continually from all sides, so that you will never be separated from him. Sensible beings, you will be so always; but your sensibility, disengaged from all that is terrestrial in its ties to the earth, and moulded anew in the flames of the divine love, will love God, will love the Saviour, will love the children of God and the elect of Christ, with an affection so ardent, certain, and peaceful, that this affection alone will be for you the seal of eternal happiness. And do not doubt, that, in the use of this sensibility, God will give you the power to find again and to follow the trace of your pure friendships in this life. These cherished beings, from whom you have been separated for a short time by death, have preserved their nature as you will yours, and they have found it again in the resurrection. Ah! if their tenderness for you, and your tenderness for them, ought to be extinguished and swallowed up in death, there would be no means of saying to the Creator in heaven, "Such as thou hast made me, behold me! it is myself!" I am no more myself, if death takes from me every sentiment of my affections, all remembrances of my friendships, all idea of these beings so dear, whose existence is blended with my own, and who have made me know by practice what is love, confidence, gratitude, devotion. I have experienced these virtues only through them; and what will remain to me of them, if they remain not? Myself, without my affections, it is no more myself; it is a different and new being, which in eternity will become what the Eternal would wish, but with which I have nothing to do. Yes, if creation is a constant work, it needs that, standing upon an open and henceforth useless sepulchre, I may say to the Creator, "It is myself;" and if love, if happiness by love, if progress by love, is

the design of creation, it needs that I may say as much to the objects of this love in finding them again in the ruin of all these sepulchres; notwithstanding death, it needs that I may be recognized by them all in the same time as by God.

Behold, Christians, the magnificent perspectives that your religion opens to your faith; behold the picture of your existence as revelation explains it; behold the sepulchre and the heaven, the death and the immortality, according to the gospel. You will seek in vain what you can demand more from him who can give all. Render, then, glory to the infinite goodness of this God, who has first loved you; and think what ought to be this life of apprenticeship and of exercise to make you ready, in due season, for such an immortality; think, whatever may be the trials of this period of probation, that "the sufferings of the present time cannot be compared to the glory which shall be manifested in you." Duties and labor, worship and faith, prosperities and affections, or sadness and grief, all will in turn present themselves to your experience under their true aspect, if you recall that the cradle is a passage, that the world is a passage, that the sepulchre is a passage; that the stopping-place and rendezvous is in heaven; and that, in whatever way we may pass over the by-paths of the pilgrimage, at the end of the road it will be necessary to say to the supreme Judge, either with confusion or with hope, "It is I myself!"

WE boast our light; but, if we look not wisely on the sun itself, it strikes us into darkness. The light which we have gained was given us, not to be ever staring on, but by it to discover onward things more remote from our knowledge. It is not the unfrocking of a priest, the unmitreing of a bishop, and the removing him from off the presbyterian shoulders, that will make us a happy nation. No: if other things as great in the church be not looked into and reformed, we have looked so long upon the blaze that Zuinglius and Calvin have beacons up to us, that we are stone-blind. To be still searching what we know not by what we know, still closing up truth to truth as we find it, — for all her body is homogeneal and proportional, — this is the golden rule in theology, as well as in arithmetic, and makes up the best harmony in a church; not the forced and outward union of cold and neutral and inwardly-divided minds. — *John Milton.*

REV. JOHN WHITE.

[It is a gratification to read so just a eulogy as the one before us, by Rev. Dr. LAMSON, on his excellent friend and neighbor lately deceased, Rev. JOHN WHITE, of West Dedham. The portrait is as unexaggerated and correct, as the original was pure and simple in his manners, faithful in his office, and true, in all his relations, to the character of a Christian minister and gentleman. — Ed.]

As we look at the ministry of this departed servant of God, some points present themselves with great prominence. I have alluded to its length without change of place, which, though not as common now as formerly, yet, I must say, presents a picture, in my view, pleasant to the eye, and creditable alike to pastor and flock. In the present case, this long period has been entirely harmonious. A more peaceful ministry never existed. Through these long years, not a murmur of discontent, that I have heard, has ever risen; no acrimony of feeling has ever been awakened; there has been no angry controversy; no bitterness nor strife; no feverish restlessness; no ill-feeling, no reproach nor recrimination. All has been light; no dark cloud has risen in your sky. The prayer for peace, — peace in your day, — which, I doubt not, has risen from many hearts, has been signally answered. There has been peace, — peace within these walls, and peace without. This cannot have been the result of accident. It must have had a cause; and, in seeking this cause, we must not look wholly on one side. Some portion of the effect is certainly to be traced to the pastor; for, however well inclined a people may be, well principled and Christian, indiscreetness or want of judgment in him will sooner or later occasion an interruption of good feeling and friendly relations. Confidence will be impaired, offence will be given and taken, and passions roused which should for ever slumber. . . .

These traits of his mind and character not only contributed to render the pastoral relation harmonious, but in different ways greatly enhanced his influence. They gave him great personal weight; for they were associated in him with no want of firmness, no base truckling to expediency, no compromise of principle. He never sacrificed a principle to gain an end. He had a downright honesty and truthfulness, an unbending integrity; he never wavered, nor turned aside from the straight line which his con-

victions marked out. His opinions were carefully formed, diligently sifted and examined, and scrupulously weighed in the balance of a cool judgment; and, once settled, they were not to be changed without some new element of proof. What he held as principles, he held firmly, tenaciously, and never swerved from them in practice, never flinched. He was always ready to avow his belief, and always acted upon it. You at all times knew where to find him, and were sure that there was no artifice or concealment, but that he was a whole-souled man, more anxious to be than to seem,—from his heart abhorring falsehood and deception of every kind.

A conscientious and earnest man was he, though quiet in his energy. He never thought of making his profession a sinecure; he had a high idea of Christian fidelity and the responsibilities of the ministry; and he never spared himself from love of ease, or any motive addressing itself to the selfish principle. He was ever ready to go at the call of duty or benevolence, at any personal inconvenience. By temperament he was incapable of being an enthusiast, but his heart was in his work; he venerated truth and holiness more than all else; he had a faith undoubting in his Saviour, and in the future and unseen world as a great reality, and he labored therefore in a right, serious spirit; he never pretended to what he did not feel; and whatever he said, you were certain, was said in sober earnest. For his fidelity and conscientiousness in the work given him to do, I hesitate not to appeal, in evidence, to your present convictions, and the proofs treasured up in the storehouse of your memories. The simple truth is here the highest panegyric; no rhetorical exaggeration is needed, and no colors borrowed from fancy.

These and other qualities lay at the foundation of that remarkable consistency of character for which he was ever distinguished. There was in him no fickleness, hardly an element of variableness. He was not one thing yesterday, and another to-day; neither in his religious opinions, nor in any other, was he likely to shift his ground, or be found veering, setting his face now to this, now to that point of the compass. In his feelings he was as uniform and consistent as in his opinions. He was not one who would be warm to-day and cold to-morrow, exchanging friendships for enmities, now loving, now hating. The current of his affections was placid and constant: there was in it an equable flow and persistency that precluded all fear or distrust. He was one whose position could always be counted upon. His meridian could be always

calculated with entire certainty. In truth, his sobriety of temperament, his self-control, and a cast of mind in which the reflective powers predominated over the imaginative, preserved him from extravagancies of every sort. He had little of that impulsiveness, which, beautiful as it is in itself, and often leading to beautiful results, yet introduces into character and actions some element of uncertainty that baffles calculation. I like impulsive characters; but they are less safe than others, have less steadiness, and are less to be relied upon in emergencies which require practical judgment and wise forethought. Our friend's mind was marked by clear-sightedness. What he saw, he saw distinctly, not dimly and confusedly; there was method in his thoughts and mental operations; he formed his judgments and acted with deliberation; and hence his perfect consistency with himself, and the confidence with which the future of his life could be predicted.

The characteristics of Mr. White's preaching will be readily inferred from what has been already said of his intellectual and moral features and habits. It was not highly impassioned, but calm, serious, dignified, full of an earnest and Christian spirit. There were in it no flights of fancy, but principles well reasoned out, — a clear statement and wise application of religious truths. He never lost himself in a cloud of metaphysics, was never too subtle for the intellects of his hearers, but sought always the practical and the useful. He was grave, plain, simple; and his sincerity shone through all. He knew the dignity and worth of his calling; and his pulpit performances gave evidence that he remembered there was a Master to whom he must account, and souls he was appointed to feed and to save. He was not fond of controversial preaching, and rarely indulged in it. Neither his taste nor conviction of duty led him often to make excursions into the field of polemical theology. Yet his preaching was, I think, what may properly be called evangelical, in the best sense of the word. It was pervaded by a spirit of Christian seriousness, breathed a deep reverence for the Saviour, and manifested feeling views of the worth of the gospel, as containing a revelation of the Father's mercy and love, and glad tidings of immortality for man. He held tenaciously to the old Protestant doctrine of the sufficiency of the Scriptures, which address themselves to the individual conscience, and are to be interpreted by right reason, aided by God's holy spirit. His teaching was founded on the Bible, and thence he drew the highest motives and sanctions, — in all sobriety breaking the bread of life, ministering at the altar as one who knew in whom he had believed,

and who made the Christian walk in faith and love his high aim. In listening to his preaching, you were always sure that you were receiving the counsels of a good man and a sincere minister of Christ, who never uttered a false or meaningless word, — whose lips gave expression only to that which was in his heart. . . .

Without commanding powers of eloquence, which he did not claim, he yet exerted a ministerial influence to the extent of which it is not easy to fix any precise limits, and which will be as much felt hereafter as now; for the effects of his preaching and life will not soon pass away. They were of a nature not to be transient, but abiding. I am not sure that we are not some of us in error, in regard to the characteristics of a good sermon. I have been sometimes disposed to question the effect of what is called brilliant preaching. It tends to create a taste or fondness for intellectual affluence or oratorical display; it leads to the worship of genius or artistic excellence; and the hearer goes away to praise and admire, but without perhaps being made, in any sense, a more humble, devoted, and earnest Christian. The best evidence a preacher can desire of the success of his public labors, is, not the incense of flattering lips, — not the cry, on the part of his hearers, "Behold the man;" but the going and doing as Jesus has said, — the fruits of humility and love, the carrying out the principles of Christ's gospel in the life. That is the only proof of success which the true-hearted man will desire; and he will often in his heart be tempted to say, "Spare your praises, but go and do; go out courageously to the great battle of life, and do its work manfully." This alone will satisfy the true preacher and disciple of the cross. How far it was permitted to our friend to enjoy this satisfaction, it is not for me to say; but the question is one for each of you solemnly to ask of his own conscience.

CHRISTIANITY sets up a higher standard of charity than any sect, and requires us to be liberal even to the illiberal, forbearing towards bigotry, tolerant to those who are unfortunate enough to be intolerant of us. It will not satisfy the Christian rule of love to say, "I can bear any thing but bigotry." — *Selected.*

If men could but be brought to look upon the *agenda* of Christianity as suitable, they would never judge the credenda of it irrational. There is a strange intercourse and mutual corroboration between faith and practice. — *South.*

THE WISDOM OF THE SON OF SIRACH.

THE Book of Ecclesiasticus was probably written in the second century before the Christian era, and translated into Greek by one of the authors. That Greek translation is all that has come down to us. The common version, bound up with our older editions of the Bible, is quite a faithful and spirited representation of the Greek text. But, by the aid of comparison with Greek translations of the Old Testament, we may conjecture, with some certainty, what the Hebrew Ecclesiasticus was; and, in a new version, give more of the spirit of the really original writing. In the following translation, the connection of thought, and dignity of the subject, have been allowed great weight in the interpretation of some sentences, in which the usual meaning of the Greek words seems out of place, or powerless. In other words, we have yielded somewhat to what Dr. Noyes calls the besetting sin of a translator, and paraphrased those passages of which a translation seemed to fail in giving the full meaning. Our only apology is, that we are not translating a book to be quoted as authority, but one to be read for profit; and are therefore more anxious to be true to the spirit than to the letter of the book. For the same reason, we have taken no pains in textual criticism; following, with little variation, the edition of Bos.

T. H.

Waltham, March, 1852.

THE WISDOM OF THE SON OF SIRACH.

CHAP. I.—WISDOM, PIETY, AND HYPOCRISY.

- 1 WISDOM cometh from the Lord alone,
For with him is her dwelling for ever.
- 2 Who can count the grains of sand, or drops of rain?
Who, then, will number the days of her eternity?
- 3 Who will measure the height of heaven, the breadth of the
earth, and the depth of the sea?
Who will sound the depths of Wisdom?
- 4 Wisdom was first among all created things;
There was a comprehensive Understanding ere the world began.
- 5 The fount of Wisdom is the word of God, most high;
The streams that flow thence, His eternal laws.
- 6 To whom hath the source of Wisdom been revealed?
Or who hath known, in full, the mystery of her plans?
- 8 One there is, wise and greatly to be feared,
Who sits, the Lord, upon his throne:
- 9 He formed her, approved her, appointed her her work;
Then poured her out upon all his creatures,

- 10 Upon all living things, — most precious gift, —
Most freely given to them that love Him.
- 11 The fear of the Lord is honor and glory,
Gladness and a crown of rejoicing.
- 12 The fear of the Lord maketh the heart merry:
It giveth cheerfulness, and gladness, and length of days.
- 13 Whoso feareth the Lord, it shall at the last go well with him;
He shall find mercy in the day of his passing away.
- 14 To fear the Lord is the beginning of Wisdom,
And she is twin sister to the pious heart.
- 15 She has placed her everlasting dwelling among men,
And to the race of man she will entrust herself.
- 16 To fear the Lord is the fulness of Wisdom,
And satisfieth men with Wisdom's fruits.
- 17 She filleth their whole house with desirable things,
And their storehouses with her riches.
- 18 The garland of Wisdom is the fear of the Lord,
Blooming with peace and perfect health.
- 19 Wisdom raineth down skill and perfect knowledge,
And exalteth them to honor that hold her fast.
- 20 The root of Wisdom is the fear of God,
The branches thereof are lengthened days.
- 22* The self-righteous man cannot be justified;
The pride of self-righteousness is its condemnation.
- 23 The humbly patient will wait the Lord's time;
So in the end shall joy be his reward.
- 24 He may until that time seem to act without reason;
Yet the lips of the pious shall bring to light his wisdom.
- 25 From the treasury of Wisdom he draws his wise teaching;
Yet his godliness is an abomination to the sinner.
- 26* If thou desire Wisdom, keep the commandments;
And the Lord shall give her unto thee.
- 27 For the fear of the Lord is wisdom and instruction;
Faith and meekness are his delight.
- 28 Be not faithless in thy fear of God,
Nor come before him with divided heart.
- 29 Feign not to be righteous in the sight of men,
And take good heed that thy words be true.
- 30 Exalt not thyself, lest thereby thou fall,
Lest thou bring dishonor upon thy soul.

For God can unveil thy secret thoughts,
And humble thee in the sight of all the people,
If thy fear of God be not in truth,
And if thy heart be full of deceit.

CHAP. II.—THE DISCIPLINE OF PIETY THROUGH SUFFERING.

- 1 My son, if thou come to serve the Lord thy God,
Prepare thy soul to meet with trials.
- 2 Set right thy heart, and put on thy strength,
Nor haste to escape when the trial begins.
- 3 Cleave unto Him, and turn not thou away;
So shalt thou find thy strength increased.
- 4 Whatsoever is brought upon thee take cheerfully,
And be humbly patient in the changes of adversity.
- 5 For gold is tried in the fire,
And men acceptable to God in the furnace of adversity.
- 6 Have faith in Him, and He will care for thee;
Set right thy ways, and hope in Him.
- 7 Ye that fear the Lord, wait for his mercy;
And turn not aside, lest ye fall.
- 8 Ye that fear the Lord, have faith in Him,
And your reward shall by no means fail.
- 9 Ye that fear the Lord, hope for good;
Yea, hope for everlasting joy and mercy.
- 10 Look at the generations of old, and see:
Did ever any trust in the Lord, and was put to shame?
Did any abide in his fear, and was forsaken?
Or who hath called upon him, and He did not answer?
- 11 For the Lord hath pity and is merciful,
And forgiveth sins, and saveth in time of affliction.
- 12 Woe be to fearful hearts, and to unsteady hands,
And to the sinner seeking to walk in two different paths!
- 13 Woe be to the unsteady heart!
Because it has no faith, therefore it has no defence.
- 14 Woe unto you that have lost patience:
What will ye do when the Lord shall call you to account?
- 15 They that fear the Lord will never distrust his words;
And they that love him, keep the paths he showeth them.
- 16 They that fear the Lord seek still to please Him,
And they that love Him are satisfied with his law.
- 17 They that fear the Lord are ready for all He sendeth:
They humble their souls in his sight.

- 18 "We would fall into the hands of the Lord,
 And not into the hands of men;
 For as His majesty is,
 So also is His mercy."

CHAP. III. 1—29. — FILIAL PIETY, AND HUMILITY.

- 1 Hearken, my children, unto me your father;
 For, if ye thus do, ye shall be saved.
- 2 For the Lord hath made the father to be honored by the
 children,
 And the judgment of the mother to be binding on the sons.
- 3 Whoso honoreth his father atoneth for his sins,
- 4 And he that does honor to his mother layeth up a treasure.
- 5 Whoso honoreth his father shall rejoice in children:
 When he asketh for them of the Lord, he shall be heard.
- 6 He that honoreth his father shall have length of days;
 He that comforteth his mother is obedient to the Lord.
- 7 He that feareth the Lord will honor his father,
 And serve his parents as his masters.
- 8 Honor thy father, both in word and deed,
 That a blessing may come upon thee from him.
- 9 For the blessing of the father makes firm the children's house;
 But the curse of the mother uprooteth the foundations.
- 10 Seek no honor by the dishonor of thy father;
 For thy father's dishonor can give no honor to thee.
- 11 For the glory of a man is from the honor of his father,
 And a mother in dishonor is a reproach to the children.
- 12 My child, take care of thy father in his old age,
 And grieve him not as long as he liveth.
- 13 Even if he grow weak in understanding, pardon him;
 Look not on him with contempt in the pride of thy strength.
- 14 For tenderness towards a father shall never be forgotten,
 And it will repair the mischief that thy sins have done thee.
- 15 In the day of thy trial, it shall be remembered;
 And, like ice in mild weather, thy sins shall melt away.
- 16 He that forsaketh his father is like a blasphemer,
 And he that gives his mother grief is cursed of the Lord.
- 17 My child, do every deed with meekness,
 And by men acceptable to God thou shalt be loved.
- 18 The greater thou art, the more shouldst thou be humble;
 And before the Lord thou shalt find favor.

- 20 For the power of the Lord alone is great,
And by the humble is He exalted.
- 21 Seek not that which is too hard for thee,
Neither undertake that beyond thy strength.
- 22 What is appointed for thee, to that apply thy mind;
For thou hast no need of that which God hath hid from thee.
- 23 Be not curious in that which concerns thee not;
For thy own affairs are a full task for a man of wisdom.
- 24 Moreover, presumption hath caused many to err,
And blinding doubt hath broken down their minds.
- 26 The self-willed fool shall fare evil at the last;
For he that loveth danger shall fall therein.
- 27 The self-willed fool shall be overwhelmed with burdens,
As a sinner adding sin unto sin.
- 28 Neither is there healing for the stripes of pride;
For the plant of wickedness is rooted in the proud.
- 29 The heart of the prudent attendeth to instruction,
And a listening ear is the desire of the wise.

THE PERSIAN, THE JEW, AND THE CHRISTIAN.

A PARABLE.

A Jew stepped into a Persian temple, and saw there the holy fire. He said to the priest: "How! do you pray to fire?" "Not to fire," answered the priest; "that is only an emblem to us of the sun and his warming light." Then asked the Jew: "Do you worship the sun as your divinity? do you not know that he also is only a creature of the Almighty?"—"We know that," replied the priest; "but earthly man requires earthly signs in order to grasp the highest. And is not the sun the image of the invisible, incomprehensible primitive light, that preserves and blesses all?"

The Israelite replied: "Do your people separate the image from the emblem? Already they call the sun God, and, sinking even from this to a low symbol, they bow before earthly flame. You charm them outward, and blind their inner eye; and, while you hold before them the earthly light, you draw them away from the heavenly. Thou shalt make to thee no image and no likeness."

"How then do you designate the highest Being?" asked the Persian.

The Jew answered : " We call him Jehovah Adonai, that is, the Lord, who is, who was, and who will be."

" Your word is great and glorious," said the Persian ; " but it is fearful."

Then a Christian stepped towards them, and said : " We call him Abba, Father."

The Heathen and the Jew looked at each other with astonishment, and said : " Your word is the nearest and highest ; but who gave you courage thus to name the Eternal ?"

" Who else," said the Christian, " than He, the Father himself ?" Thereupon he explained to both, the secret of the manifestation of the Father in the Son, and the word of reconciliation.

And when they had heard it, they believed, and raised their eyes to heaven, and said full of earnestness and soul : " Father, dear Father !"

And now all three clasped hands, and called each other, brother.

KRUMMACHER.

JOHN W. FOSTER, OF PORTSMOUTH, N.H.

"The truly great
Have all one age, and from one visible space
Shed influence !
And when, O friend ! my comforter and guide !
Strong in thyself, and powerful to give strength !
Thy long-sustained song finally closed,
And thy deep voice had ceased — yet thou thyself
Wert still before my eyes, and round us both
That happy vision of beloved faces." — S. T. COLERIDGE.

THERE are moments in every life, in that most firmly sustained and rigidly conscientious, when the heart sinks, and the head swims, and man says to himself, " What have my long years of discipline availed ? I have not drawn unto myself the confidence of my fellows ; I have not mastered the stand-point I once proposed ; the voice of the sharper reaches farther than my honest words ; perversity and wickedness prevail over the land. Were the Son of Man to come again in this our day, he would not only hang upon the cross, but his patient endurance and loving pro-

phcey would fail to win for him even a faithful twelve." But it is in the hour of our faltering that such thoughts suggest themselves. The widest experience, a calm and rational view of life, proves the folly of the complaint. In the broadest sense, men think of us as well as we deserve; and close upon a fair and honorable life follows fair and honorable renown.

Whatever superficial failings may attach themselves to a character, if it be sound at the heart, it will outgrow and cast them off, in the estimation of men, and the passer-by will look upon the traces of self-conquest as the school-boy gazes at the gaping initials carved high upon the trunk of some patriarchal tree, only to wonder at the solid work long years have accomplished since they were cut. And with a life built up in the fairest proportions of Christian rectitude, in the most graceful harmonies of self-dedication, the popular acknowledgment is delayed, only in proportion as the necessary appreciation is slower. Every life we survey, every year we live, every book we read, every science we investigate, every art we master, as it serves to widen and fix the foundations of our judgment, so it confirms us in the belief, that there is always essential justice in the verdict. Humanity pronounces upon men. Human love follows what is lovely; and, if we needed any proof of this, where should we find one more self-evident than is offered by the simplest mention of the name that stands at the head of these pages?

"How good he was, and how beautiful!" are the words that fall naturally from every lip with regard to him; and the consciousness that such a life as his is the rightful inheritance of the world, gives that courage to speak of him which the restraining delicacy of private friendship had otherwise denied. For a single year, it was our privilege to walk at his side; to teach in his Sabbath-school; to sit by him in the teachers' meeting; to work with him in private; and though that year brought with it no ordinary share of trial, and once and again during its passage our "whole head grew faint, and our whole heart sick," yet, in the healthy and invigorating influence of his daily life, we should have found compensation, had the discipline been seven-fold. And it is for this reason that we press forward from our distant home, to bear our prompt testimony to his invaluable life. Those who have grown up at his side, who have been tended in infancy by his loving arms, and cheered by his blessing, as, turning from

the marriage-altar, they entered the responsible paths of life, — *they* may well have felt the power of his piety, the warmth of his love; but a single year, asks some discouraged toiler at the foot of the cross, — a single year, — what could that do, especially for a character already formed? It could and did do much. It could strengthen faith; it could invest unbending principle with a charm to last the whole remainder of life; it could make the past ideal, real, and lift from out its practical accomplishment a fairer, loftier ideal still; it could bind in chains of adamant a warm, impulsive, and somewhat wilful nature, to one wise, calm, and fore-thinking, to one Christian, self-denying, and patient. If we felt truly the immense power our life might wield, we should speak with reverence of what one year might do. When the uncertain rumor of his death reached us, we hardly listened. We felt it impossible that he should die. We could not think of the town where he dwelt without him. We saw him still at his post in the market-place, the light of a deeply religious life illuminating the duskiest and most doubtful moments of the merchant's experience. We saw him in his home, where the reflection of his loving countenance lent beauty to every face, whether of wife or child or guest, that was uplifted unto his. We saw him in his relation to his pastor, so firm and true, so erect yet teachable; in his Sunday-school, where his brow glowed always like that of the Hebrew prophet, where the beaming of his smile, as he looked round upon his children, seemed to inspire teachers and pupils with a vigorous perseverance; among the young of the parish, garlanded by bright faces, as by waving wreaths of flowers, where his opinion was always most desired and respected, and where his decided disapprobation had a weight that does not always belong to the words of wisdom when they fall upon the ears of youth. Wherever he came, the heart leaped up in gladness to meet him; when he spoke words of appreciation, the risen blood thrilled joyously to the very fingers' ends; when he rebuked, the quick gathering tears were checked by the love that gushed under and forth from the magnificent tones of his voice. "The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him; he put on righteousness, and it clothed him; he was a father to the poor; and the cause that he knew not he searched out. Men kept silence at his counsel, as his speech dropped upon them; they waited for him as for the latter rain."

The young and over-confident did well to listen to him; he was mature and cautious. If they were radical in their views of theology and politics, he, like the good housewife of Lady Willoughby's time, feared lest the sound fruit should be swept away with the windfalls. It was beautiful to see him, when a question of theology was discussed in a way that did not please his ear. Reverent even toward the youngest who reverently sought the truth, nobly patient always with all who honestly differed from him, he would not spare the rude assailant of that which he held dear. Beginning to listen with silent determination, his brow would gently knit itself as the discussion went on, his upper lip would contract, and then, at the first pause in the conversation, came a gush of fervid, strong, and well-arranged thoughts, that silenced at once the reckless and audacious. Few men possess such a voice as his. Its lightest tone might linger for hours on the ear. The first time that we heard it after leaving Portsmouth, it came upon us by surprise. We were in Assembly Hall, at the pleasant dinner in the month of May. After some dull speaking and some inattention on our own part, there came, in answer to a toast, the words, "I rise somewhat unwillingly, Mr. President——." What need of waiting for more? At the sound of that dear voice, our whole soul poured itself into our ears, and seemed to vibrate along the auditory nerve. Few, indeed, were his words; but they brought with them, then as ever, a palpable refreshment.

In 1837, Mr. Foster published some "Lessons on the Lord's Prayer." They were intended for the children of his Sunday-school; but they are so deeply penetrative, so simply earnest, that the oldest clergyman might read them with profit. They reveal to us in their various parts the whole loveliness and energy of his character. We see in them how uplifting and God-searching truth nestled as if at home in his heart, how majestic and spirit-stirring words poured naturally from his lips. His words were always fitly spoken, fair apples of gold in dishes of silver.

And what was the charm that invested this man with a grace beyond that of his peers? What was the power that streamed through him, as through its fit channels, and baptized all willing human hearts? What was the secret of his beautiful life? It was the long-sought secret of *Eternal Youth*. It was the power of Christ's manhood, graced by the attendant loveliness and sim-

pleness of the child Jesus. Mature in wisdom, he was yet fresh and young in spirit. Though the "almond blossoms" were already opening about his brow, the light came to his eye, the soft color to his cheek, as readily as to that of the maiden; and it was no passing enjoyment to see how the beauties of nature and art, above all the beauty of truth, could kindle his whole soul into the most glowing enthusiasm of the most glowing youth! Our love follows him. He is not dead, but risen! Never while we live, in time or eternity, shall we part with what he has given us. God blessed his life; let its memory be blessed to all who ever held him dear. Let no tears throw mists before our sight when we think of him; but, turning the current of our sorrow inward, let us not release it so easily, but force it to do earnest service in the great work which he, our friend, so far advanced. Let it help to fit us for the companionship he now enjoys. His life was a "sustained song." The echo of the departed music still lingers on our ear. Let us weave it into the rhythm of our own life, re-echo it in the chorus of our daily experience; and, as we grow more familiar with its burden, we shall learn no more —

"To think God's song unexcelling
The poor tales of our own telling."

C. W. H. D.

EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA.

PUBLICATIONS.

THE following publications are at hand, and some of them should have been acknowledged before: —

Nineteenth Annual Report of the Trustees of the State Lunatic Hospital at Worcester, December, 1851.

First Semi-Annual Report of the Superintendent of Public Schools of the City of Boston, — showing that there was occasion for the measure adopted by the City Government, a year ago, in the appointment of this new office, and that they were wise in the selection of the incumbent.

The Municipal Electric Telegraph, especially in its Application to Fire Alarms. By WM. F. CHANNING, M.D. — A full and lucid exposition of the elaborate apparatus recently put upon experiment by the liberality of the municipal authorities of Boston.

The Panoplist, or the Christian's Armory. — Jesus: a Christmas Sermon, preached in the Unitarian Church, Montreal, on Christmas Day, 1851. By JOHN CORDNER. — A discourse so elevated in its general tone, so vigorous in its statements, so vivid in its recognition of the mischiefs of sin, so clear in its exposition of the doctrine of divine influence, and of the manifestation of the Father in the Son, that we regret we have not room for extracts from its pages.

Arvine's Cyclopædia of Anecdotes of Literature and the Fine Arts, containing a copious and choice selection of anecdotes of characters, &c. &c., Nos. 6, 7, and 8, — a work we have commended before, and commend again.

The Unitarian Congregational Register for the Year 1852. Printed for the American Unitarian Association. — Well arranged in its statistical department, instructive and diversified in the didactic, graceful in the literary, none the worse for containing several extracts from the "Monthly," and altogether superior every way, we are happy to say, to a Number of the same series which the publishers instigated us to prepare, a few years ago.

Anthems, and Hymns set to Music, for Sabbath Morning, Ordinations, Dedications, Thanksgiving, &c. By AUGUSTUS KREISSMAN. Published by A. N. Johnson, 86, Tremont-street, Boston. — Some private knowledge of Mr. Kreissman and his talents as a composer makes it a pleasure for us to recommend his collection. He is a well-educated musician, and is a practical chorister in one of our churches. Though a German in his origin and training, having resided in this country three or four years he has acquainted himself with the wants and capabilities of New England choirs. This work is prepared for their use; and we do not hesitate in the opinion, that its general employment would introduce a decided improvement in the character of the voluntary pieces performed in our assemblies, and of all this part of public worship.

Annual of Scientific Discovery: a Year-book of Facts in Science and Art for 1852. By DAVID A. WELLS, A.M. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. — Competent judges pronounce this a trustworthy record. Apart from its service to men interested in scien-

tific and mechanical pursuits now, it is one of the few works that must have an increasing value in future years, and should be in all libraries.

The same publishers have *The History of Palestine from the Patriarchal Age to the Present Time, illustrated.* By KITTO. — Dr. Kitto is certainly ingenious in putting his Hebrew learning into various shapes. As to the thoroughness of that learning, and the accuracy of his statements, there is more than one opinion. If his treatises awaken in the popular mind a livelier interest in the Old Testament Scriptures, they will be worth what they cost.

G. & L. also offer for sale a duodecimo volume of Dr. J. V. C. SMITH's lively and entertaining *Sketches of his recent Visit to Egypt and the Nile*, with minute accounts of personal adventures, the antiquities of the country, and the customs of the people.

Gould & Lincoln also offer for sale *Novelties of the New World*, and *The Excellent Woman*; the former, one of a series of popular illustrations of American history, by Rev. J. Banvard, already having a large sale; and the latter, a full and practical exposition of the character of the excellent woman as given by Solomon, bearing the high endorsement of Dr. W. B. Sprague.

YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATIONS.

Two Institutions have lately been organized in Boston, having kindred designs, and both commending themselves to the cordial favor and support of Christian people. One is named "The Boston Young Men's Christian Union;" the other, "The Boston Young Men's Christian Association." The former invites to membership in it young men of whatever denomination; the latter, young men of the denominations commonly called Evangelical. The purpose of each is to engage the interest and co-operation of laymen in early life, in a kind of intercourse that is pure and elevated, as well as in promoting, by any promising means, the cause of religion and virtue. It is expected that each will have its Rooms and Library, and each has already elected its officers.

It must have been deeply and painfully felt, for a long time, by all persons having the moral welfare of the city at heart, that active efforts were wanting, on the part of the Christian church, to win over the energy and hope of youth to the kingdom of Christ. The children of the world are, by far too much, wiser than the

children of light. No solicitations are spared to draw our sons, and the strangers that come to live among us as clerks, apprentices, or traders, into saloons of dissipation, political societies, places of amusement, and a thousand avenues to material advantage, sensual pleasure, and spiritual perdition. The scouts, runners, and purveyors of appetite and profligacy are busy in all our streets. They snatch up converts everywhere, to which the church had a better claim. They lack neither personal assiduity, adroit contrivance, nor powerful combinations. In vehicles, shops, eating-houses, military companies, and even lecture-rooms, in chance interviews at the corners of the way, and in the dreariness or temptations of larger boarding-houses, they gather hosts of recruits. Society of some sort social beings must have. And if Christian love does not extend an invitation to these home-sick souls, Satan will. If believers do not offer them a cordial hand, they will take that of voluptuaries and atheists. An evidence lately fell in our way how real the exigency is. A worthy citizen, without great wealth, after hearing a proposal from his minister to offer certain literary and social privileges in the vestry to the young persons within the parish, handed a hundred dollars to the preacher with this remark: "Make the *place attractive*; I will double the amount, if necessary; if anybody had said to me, when I first came into Boston, what you have said in the pulpit to-day, it would have saved me what money can never buy back." Perhaps the most desirable practice of all would be, that every young man coming to the city from the country should bring a letter of introduction to some Christian family, or else to some judicious and friendly minister. That would almost invariably lead to associations and opportunities of the right character. We have confidence enough in the clergy of all denominations to feel assured that no such letter, even if written by an unknown party, would fail of faithful attention, and be followed by the happiest effects. The parent would then exercise a right degree of influence over his child's choice; no compulsion would do violence, and no craft would give a surreptitious bias, to denominational predilections; and those wholesome influences would also be secured which are inseparable from domestic circles and friendships, which no public institution can wholly supply, and which are of the utmost moral importance to men without families or family-connections, amidst the blandishments of every wide and wicked metropolis.

It is earnestly to be hoped that these institutions, whatever measure of efficiency they reach, will not aggravate, but rather

mitigate, sectarian jealousies. We observe, that, at the opening of the rooms of the "Young Men's Christian Association," Francis O. Watts, Esq., the President, in the course of appropriate exercises, "defended the Society against the charge of exclusiveness in regard to membership." The "Young Men's Christian Union," we believe, needs no such defence. Let both dwell together in peace. The officers of the latter are these: *President*, Geo. W. Warren; *Vice-Presidents*, Thos. A. Goddard, Fred. W. Lincoln, jun.; *Secretary*, James D. Martin; *Treasurer*, John Reed, jun.; *Directors*, Edwin A. Wadleigh, Benjamin F. White, jun., Nathaniel J. Bradlee, John C. Danforth, John A. Cummings, Amos B. Merrill, Gilbert Atwood.

CRITICISM AND CANDOR.

The "Christian Register" is "surprised" at our copying, as we did, in the last number, a paragraph from the correspondence of a secular newspaper on the defects in the administration of Unitarianism. The matter is not large, but it furnishes a text, not to be refused, for a little comment. Our object, as is plain enough, was to show our readers a curt and pithy satire on a certain timid and feeble way of preaching which is not altogether unknown in Unitarian pulpits, and is a fair subject for either rebuke or ridicule. It struck us that the language we quoted was more likely, on every account, to reach the mark, than any thing we should say of our own; and we are inclined to think we were not mistaken.

The "Register" says, "The fact that Unitarians are not popular preachers is certainly no evidence that their doctrines are not true." Most certainly. But, if a particular way of presenting religion fails to adapt itself to the general wants, exigencies, and convictions of mankind, or to move them to repentance and zeal, it is at least as reasonable to suggest a remedy in some modifications of that way, as to ascribe all the difficulty to the perversity of the human species.

Again, "Religious opinions are not like presidential candidates, to be adopted without regard to their merits, simply because they are available." Now, we go so far beyond agreeing with our monitor, as to hold, with particular determination, that not even a presidential candidate — how much less a religious opinion! — should be adopted without regard to his merits, "simply because

he is available." But when a candidate, or a style of preaching, is found to be unavailable on account of imbecility, the sooner either is dropped, the better.

Once more: "The coarse and libellous caricature of Unitarian views, and preaching in the 'Tribune' article, though it may cause a momentary smile, is altogether unworthy of a place in any religious journal." This is positive. But, 1st, The fact that we copied the passage in question might be taken, by a friendly judgment, as some evidence that, in our opinion, there was no "libel" in it, nor any thing likely to do real and vital Unitarianism — the only Unitarianism worth having, in the "Register's" estimation we trust — any harm. 2d, We have ourselves heard preaching of which "J. S. P.'s" language is a perfectly fair and unexaggerated description, from ministers called Unitarian, not denied the name by any Unitarian authority, but included in Unitarian catalogues. Why try to hide facts, or hide from them? 3d, The "coarse" expressions alluded to must, we presume, be these: "Believe, or be damned;" "If we are damned at all;" "Fire and brimstone." Now, we are aware that the use of these terms is unfashionable; but it is also ancient and respectable. Mark xvi. 16: "He that believeth not shall be damned." Rom. xiv. 23: "He that doubteth is damned if he eat." 2 Pet. ii. 1: "Who privily shall bring in damnable heresies." Rev. xiv. 10: "He shall be tormented with fire and brimstone." Chap. xix. 20; xxi. 8. Psalm xi. 6. Matt. xxv. 41. Mark ix. 44, 45, &c., &c.

4th, If, however, the expressions condemned as "coarse" are the following, "namby-pambyism," "humbug," "like it or lump it," we reply, that, although these do not appear to us very aggravated offences against Christian decency, yet we distinctly signified, in the remarks we prefixed to the quotation, that we regarded them as departures from good taste, requiring some apology.

For the rest of the passage, it seems to us — apart from all partisan prejudice, of which the "Monthly" makes no professions — to contain critical ideas, of rather more than the average force and point, put in becoming speech. There is a sin of indifference and stupid complaisance as enormous as that of rude energy or even honest impudence.

The "Register" only commits the not very heinous, but very common, mistake of falling into a false criticism, from a sectarian partiality. It knows as well as we, that downright naturalism is both preached and defended by recognized Unitarians, in Unitarian pulpits and periodicals: its own columns afford honorable proof

how well it knows this, in able and emphatic disclaimers of such doctrines. It abuses its own sense, and swerves from its usual simplicity, when it affects to be indignant at a republication of that fact. The only point in the passage open to serious complaint, — that of reckoning Priestley and Price among anti-supernaturalists, — it does not touch.

From whatever quarter it comes, we welcome the censure that arraigns for judgment our prevalent lax tone of piety, and all unreligious preaching. A denomination that covers and countenances any such sin cannot escape the retributions of Providence or the justice of history, by fretting at the exposure of its crime. If we would forestall the condemnation of our neighbors or of the divine laws, let us hasten to condemn ourselves. The conspirators against faith are too numerous and vigilant and aggressive to allow the real disciples and friends of Christ in pleasant pulpit-declamations on political economy, self-culture, dignity of manhood, æsthetic elevation, and moral propriety. Adversaries that the church of God has now to meet believe in all these as well as the Christian, and discourse upon them quite as eloquently. The emergencies of the times, the impenetrable hardness of the worldly mind, the covert infidelity and open contempt of sacred ordinances, the undeniable decline of spirituality and prayer in our liberal congregations, — all appear to us to demand another dispensation of the gospel, more pungent, more life-giving, more regardless of formal polish and unsanctified elegance, — more thoroughly animated by that apostolic zeal, fed from the ardent faith of the New Testament, which commands respect and audience precisely because it is real. Nor will we refuse to take, with shame, our own place among the delinquent. How is the power of the cross and its reconciliation to be witnessed in the people, unless it is felt, believed, and proclaimed by the shepherds and examples of the flock? If there is any one of these who can look complacently out on the tendencies and forces at work in our community, and feel his soul moved to no anxious supplications for a new outpouring of the Holy Spirit, he must have reasons for complacency that we know not of.